

Life Assurance as an Investment.

"Hermit" in Leslie's Weekly says:

If I were asked to give in the fewest possible words the best possible reason for the faith I have in me, and have so often declared, in the merits and general desirability of life assurance, I would phrase it in about this way: It is because a policy of assurance in any standard company offers a better, surer, and more profitable investment for savings than anything that the wisdom, wit, or ingenuity of man has yet devised. This statement might be qualified, expanded, and elucidated to the extent of several columns if necessary, but without adding much of value to the idea or principle as thus set forth. The savings feature of a life policy is one that appeals, or should appeal, to every intelligent, provident, and properly constituted man or woman. How to save, when to save, where to save, are questions that concern every normal human being in every civilized community. They are capable of various answers, many excellent and highly satisfactory on some points, but no answer covers the how, the when and the where so completely and conclusively as a life assurance investment. Here the investor finds all the security he can possibly find in any other savings scheme, plan, or institution, as large an interest return as they can offer, and, in addition to all that, which he can find nowhere else, the protection, the contingent benefit which life assurance always affords. If this is not reason enough for the faith that is in me, then I do not know what reason is.

A Cabin Christmas.

Outside my cabin-door de worl'
Is cole and wintry-white;
Inside the door, my worl' is warm
An' sweet with Christmas light;
Outside my door the worl' is big
An' lonesome—'way fum you;
Inside, it's heaben's border-land
Wid you an' 'possum stew!

Den keep a-pilin' on de logs
An' sen' de blazes higher,
Till all de cabin walls grow red
Wid blood of Christmas fire;
While some one takes de banjo down
An' softly plays a bar
To start de hymn dat tells about
De shepherds an' de Star!

—Howard Weedon, in Country Life.

Christmas, a Season of Joy.

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope, indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas. There are few people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before, dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the three hundred and sixty-five, but draw your chair nearer to the blazing fire, and thank God it's no worse. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry, and your New Year a happy one.—Charles Dickens.

Just Among Ourselves.

Mr. E. C. Peed of Baltimore has been the winner of a magnificent 14k. gold watch with nothing less than a Riverside Waltham movement, with jewels galore and a lot of engraving inside the case—all because he has completed and paid one hundred cents on the dollar on the largest amount of new business between the first of May and the thirty-first of July of any agent in the Eastern Pennsylvania Agency. Congratulations, Mr. Peed. We will certainly ask you the time of day when we meet you.

At the Zoo: Mr. Murphy—"Excuse me, sorr; but can ye direct me to the goin' out intrance?"—Punch.

Teacher—"How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?"

Boy—"Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace it perspires freely."

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